Auſpicante Jehoua.

MARIES

Exerciſe.

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BRITISH
MUSEUM

TO THE RIGHT

Honorable and vertuous Lady, the Lady MARY Counteſſe of Penbrooke, Health, Happineſſe, and Heauen.

Ight Honorable, my bounden Seruice in all duety remembred, I haue often red, and heard, which I verelye beeleeue, that in the Nature of Man, there is no greater blot of diſgrace, then the vile note of ingratitude, with which wicked humor, fearing my long forgetfullneſſe of your fauoure, may make my heart in ſome ſuſpition vnhappily to bee touched, I haue preſumed humbly to preſent vnto the faire eye of your diſcreete vertue a little fruite of my late, and beſt labours; VVherein your Ladyſhip may vouchſafe to ſee, that, although I cannot as I would finde meanes, to diſcharge the care of my duty, yet in my beſt thoughts

I haue not forgotten you, when in my daiely praiers vnto God, I doe remember you: and, as I daiely and hourelye, doe hartely pray vnto his holy Maiesty, for his blessings to light vpon you; so haue I set downe a few historicall prayers for you: Which, I hope, you will so finde applyed to your comfort, as shall giue you no discontentment, in the presumption of my paines: and so though I haue soncke my fortune in the worlde, hauing only the light of vertue to leade my hope vnto Heauen, with humble thancks for your as yet vndeserued fauour, in continuall prayers to the God of all comfort, for his prosperous preseruation, of my good L. your Ladyship, & all yours, with increase of honour on earth, and eternall happinesse in Heauen: I humbly take my leaue in bounden duty.

Your La: sometime vnworthy Poet,
and now, and euer poore Beadman.

Nich. Breton.

TO THE LADIES

and Gentlewomen Readers.

Adies and Gentlewomen, so it is, that hauing passed some partes of the world, & beholding the stately pallaces of diuers princes, after my returne into my natiue country, finding the contemplatiue life, the most neere vnto Angelicall nature, and no contemplatiō so comfortable as the mercies of god, the first fruicts whereof, and the neuer ending Glory of the same, are no where so apparant as in the historie of the holy scriptures: where looking into the court of heauen, I finde the world but a base corner, when the King of Kinges, with the brightnesse of his glorie doth rauish the soules of his beeloued: and reading in this diuine historie of the excellencie of Gods loue, and emong many of his elected, of some women in his especiall fauour, I could not but acquaint your good mindes, with the memory of their names,

& such matter touching them as you may and will (I hope) applie to your comfort, I finde them blessed for their faith, and beeloued for their humility, two Iewels of the soule, not cõmon to our humaine nature, but as it is incorporated to christ, but I will leaue the imperfect to Gods amendment, the faithfull to his blessing, and the elected to his loue: beeseeching him so to blesse you with his grace, in the feeling of his loue, that in praier to his mercy, yee may all liue to his glory, that hauing Christ for your loue, ye may liue in ioy for euer: and so wishing you happinesse on earth, & heauen hereafter: I rest in praier for yee & all faithfull in Christ Iesu: as I finde cause.

Your poore friend or seruant: N. B.

Maries Exercise.

A praier vpon the historie of Christ his comming vnto the house of Mary and Martha, to raise Lazerus frō death. Iohn. 11. The fruit thereof: The life of the dead, the glorie of God.

MOst mercifull Lord, my louing king & euerliuing god, sweet Iesu Christ, my heauenly maister, redeemer, and Sauiour, vouchsafe mee leaue poore and vnworthy vessell of thy mercy, on the knees of my soule in the humilitie of my hart, to trouble thy patience with the lowly petition of my afflicted spirit: Lord whē to make knowen thy glory to the world ỹ camest to Bethania, vnto the house of Mary & martha, to raise vp thy beloued laza

rus frō death, what was the speech of the poore women, thy poore creatures vnto thy gratious & holy Glorious maiestie? but onely this: Lord, if thou hadst ben heere, my brother Lazarus had not ben dead: but now whatsoeuer thou askest of God he will giue it thee: so my deere Lord let mee, I besech thee, saie vnto thee? now that by the gratious, mercifull, & comfortable operation of thy holy Spirit, I feele, & see thee comming to the vnworthie house of my wounded soule, LORD if thou hadst beene heere, not my brother, but my self had not so long beene dead, dead I lay in my sinnes, though onely liue in thy mercy: but oh Lord thy father hath giuen all power into thy hands, & therefore, if it please thee, thou canst raise me from this sorrowfull death, of iniquity, vnto the ioyfull life of thy grace: but as

Martha

Martha saide, by hir brother Lazarus, he had ben dead foure daies, & therefore did so stinck that he was vnfit to bee taken vp, so Lord, let mee saie of my selfe, I haue beene dead not foure daies, but many yeeres, yea, all the daies of my life, and therefore feele my self so vnsauory, and vnfit to presume beefore thy presence, that I can rather say with Peter, come not neere mee Lord, for I am a polluted creature, then thincke that euer thou didst loue mee, and therfore art come to raise mee from this death: yet sweet lord when I remember withall, thy blessed aunswere, and kinde chiding of the vnbeleeuing soule, in these wordes: said I not vnto thee if thou didst beleeue thou shouldst see the glorie of God: it giueth me comfort in my feare to come humbly to thy mercy; beseeching thee so to strengthen my faith in thy inco-

prehencible power, that I may rather reioice in feeling thy goodnes and seeing thy glorie, then distrust in thy power, or dispaire in thy mercie: that by the vertue of thy power, from the death of sinne, being reuiued vnto grace, in the true fruicts of repentaunce, I may glorifie thy holy name. Amen.

Another praier vpon the same historie Chapter and place: the fruict thereof: Christ his cõmendation of the hearers of his word.

ALmightie God and moſt merciſull Lord, my beſt maiſter and onely ſweet Sauiour Ieſus Chriſt, when it pleaſed thee of thy mercy, to enter into the houſe of Martha and Mary, thy beloued vnworthy ſeruãts, whiles Mary, by the bleſſed in-

spiration of thy holy spirit, was happely called, and wholy enclined to the attentiue hearing & ioyfull receiuing of thy comfortable preaching; MARTHA, not so filled in hart or rather rauished in soule with the vnspeakable sweetnes of thy holy spirit, rather troubling hir head with an earnest care of worldly busines, then bending hir hart with any zealous desire, to the inward seeking of thy heauenly treasure, complained to thee of hir sisters mistakē & mistermed idlenes, that sitting still at thy feete she had no more care to helpe her in hir work, to prouide for thy welcom, nor to attend thy presence: but, my sweet Lord how sweetly didst thou reproue hir folly, and reueale hir fault in these few words: MARTHA MARTHA thou carest, & art troubled about many things, but one thing is needfull, MARY hath chosen

the

the good part, which shal neuer be taken awaie frō hir: oh deere Maister now that by the secret light of thy gratious loue, I behold thy entrance into the hart of my soule, though I am not worthie thou shouldst come vnder the roofe of my house, yet, since, it hath pleased thy holie maiestie in the infinit goodnesse of thy incomparable kindnesse, to comfort my hart with the gratious hearing of thy glorius mercy; giue me leaue not with Martha, to complaine of a sister, but to accuse my selfe of to much euill in so long combring my hart with the wretched cares of this wicked world, that I haue had almost no care to humble my soule to the happie hearing of thy holie word: let mee therfore beeseech thee of the abundant grace of thy glorious goodnes, by the mighty power of thy eternall mercy, to draw mee to

thee

thee by the heauenly vertue of thy hollie Spirit, that casting of all the combersome cares of this vncomfortable worlde, I maie not onelie serue thee in bodie, on the knees of my heart, worshipping thy diuine will, but in the humilitie of my soule, sit with MARY on the ground with the tears of true repentaunce to wash the feete of thy mercie: that being both vnable & vnworthie to behold the glory of thy presence, I maie yet ioye in my soule to heare the sweetnes of thy preching, that beeing cleerely healed of the euill part of sinne, I maie receiue that good part of thy grace, that maie neuer bee taken from mee: but one thing is needfull, and that one thing art thou: it is thee sweet LORD that I haue need of: needful is thy grace, & vngratious that I am, full of need am I of thy mercie: mercy my sweet Iesu,

Oh

Oh let my pensiue hart heere the preaching of thy mercie, that beeing with LAZARVS reuiued, and with MARTHA rebuked, with MARY I may bee so comforted, that with the teares of my hart washing the feete of thy pittie, I may reioice in my soule to bee admitted into thy presence; wherein the obedience of my Loue, shewing the Ioye of my life, I may feede of thy mercy and singe to thy glory: Blessed is the house that dooth receiue thee, happy the hart, that dooth attend thee, but most ioyfull the Soule, that leauing the cares of the world hath all hir comfort but in thee: in thee I say sweet LORD, the lyght of the eternall wisdome, the lyfe of the dead, & the only comfort of the liuing; whose preaching most gratious, and whose presence most glorious; happye are they that heare,

but

but moſt bleſſed that enioy: emong whome, alas, of the world moſt vnworthy, ſo bleſſe the ſicke Soule of thy ſinfull wounded ſeruant, that ouercome with the comfort of thy vnſpeakable kindenes, in the ſwounding traunce of the treaſure of thy Loue, I may rather dye at thy feete, then part a foote from thy fauoure: where with the teares of faithes thanckfulneſſe, I may encreaſe the Glorie of thy Mercie. *Amen.*

An other vppon the ſame Hiſtory chapter and place, the fruite therof: The bleſſing of humilitie.

REmember ſweet Lord Ieſu thy Mercies that haue been euer of old, forgiue and forget the ſinnes of thy humble repentaunt, though vnworthie ſeruants, think on thy poore Mary with the teares

of

of hir heart humbling hir soule at thy feete, thincke I saye my sweet lord, a little vpon my great misery, that confesse my selfe vnworthie of the least looke of thy Mercie: Lord, it pleased thee to saie, Marie Magdaline loued much, but surelie thou louedst more, that so great and vnmeasurable a sinner, woldst vouchsafe so great a measure of thy Grace, beeing vnworthie, thy thought, to presume into thy presence: sweet IESVS, art not thou the same CHRIST? who camest not to iustifie the righteous, but to call sinners to repentaunce? is thy mercie anye thing diminished, or shall not thy Glorie euer encrease? it cannot bee, but thou art thy selfe, the Sunne of GOD, the Redeemer of the worlde, the Lambe of God, that takest away the sinnes of the world, and God alone, that hast the gouernement

of the whole worlde: what thou haſt bought then, who can take from thee? wher thou haſt mercie, who canne diſwade thee? and hauing all thinges vnder thy feete, who can reſiſt thee? Thou Createdſt man for thy ſelfe, thou Redeemedſt him by thy ſelfe, & doſt comfort him, but with thy ſelfe; wilt thou then forget the worke of thine owne hands? wilt thou looſe that thou haſt bought with thine owne blood? or ſuffer it to be blaſted that ỹ haſt bleſſed with thine owne Spirit? no, ſweet God, thy goodneſſe is to great to looſe any parte of thy Glorie: though wee forget thy loue, thou canſt not forget thy mercie, though wee looſe our ſelues in this wilderneſſe, thou wilt bring vs home to thy folde, & though ſinne ſeeke to driue vs to deſpaire, yet doth thy Grace aſſure vs of comfort; for thou art kinde,

though wee are vnthanckfull, thou art merciſull, though wee are vnfaithful, yea thou art comfortable, when wee are moſt miſerable: and why is all this? beecauſe thou art God, whoſe goodneſſe hath no limit, whoſe mercies are infinit, and whoſe glorie ſhall haue no ende: why then oh Lord is my Soule ſo full of heauineſſe, and my heart ſo diſquieted within mee? can the world ſo werie mee, that Heauen cannot reuiue mee? or can ſinne ſo infect mee, that thy mercie can not heale mee? or the diuell ſo terifie mee, that thou my God canſt not comfort mee? no, my deere god, thou art able to forgiue more then I am able to offend, one drop of thy mercie, will heale all the woundes of my ſinne, and where thou entreſt with thy holly ſpirit, there is no place for the wicked fiende: what then can hurt mee if

thou

thou help mee? can ſinne ſet a wall beetwixt thy mercie and my comfort: whē thou haſt troden downe the diuell, with all the power of his malice, can death affright mee that ſee my life in thy loue? or can ſorrow diſmaie mee that haue thee for my comfort? no, my ſweet ſauioure, let not my teares be onely witneſſe of my ſorrow for my ſinnes, but of my ioie in thy mercie, that from the greatneſſe of ſin, haſt called mee to thy grace, and liuing long from the ſhadow of thy bleſſing, haſt admitted mee into the Ioie of thy preſence: Oh bleſſed Lord how admirable dooe I feele thy goodneſſe in the inward works of thy grace? faith a fruict of thy mercy, repentaunce a fruict of faith, teares a fruict of repentance, Ioie a fruict of teares, & thou only the fruict of all; thou art oh Lord ỹ ſumme of all ſweetneſſe, the ſub-

ſtaunce of all goodneſſe, & in thy ſelfe to thy ſelfe the only height of all glorie: Thou art the ioie of the heart, the comfort of the minde, & the life of the ſoule: Thou art the portion of mine inheritance, the longing of my hearts loue, and the onely heauen that I hope for: who can know thee and not loue thee? or know what loue is, & is not ra-uiſhed with the thought of thee? O my ſweet Sauiour, ſince it hath pleaſed thee to call mee vnto thee, I humbly beeſeech thee, let mee neuer goe from thee, but let mee liue and die with thee, that I maie die to liue with thee: for ỹ onely art the life, & the onely life of thẽ that come vnto thee: and to thee onely doe I come with ſorowfull MARY beeſeeching thy comfort, in the greatneſſe of thy goodneſſe, ſo to inſpire my hart with the grace of thy holie ſpirit, that with ỹ teares

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of my ſoul mingled with one drop of thy pretious blood, I maie waſh awaie the filth of my vnſauerie ſinne, and in the comfort of thy kindeneſſe, I may kiſſe the feete of thy mercie, till out of the wretched vale of this worldly miſerie, thou wilt bring mee to the ioies of the elected in thy loue, that there beeing preſerued, by the hande of thy mercie, with the Angells of thy traine I maie ſing to thy Glorie. *Amen.*

A prayer vppon Elizabethes meeting with hir coſen Mary the bleſſed virgin: Luke i. Chap. 4. i. verſe: The fruict therof: The ioies of the elected that by the loue of grace are allied vnto Chriſt.

F all the treaſures of the world were layde together, were they any better then traſh, compared (oh Lord) to the leaſt thought of

thy Loue? are not the Heauens themſelues the workes of thy fingers? and is not the earth with all hir glory, moſt glorious in beeing thy footeſtoole? what thē are wee but droſſie creatures of ſlimy clay? but wherin thou haſt made vs gratious, to encreaſe the greatneſſe of thy glory: ſhall we then attribute vnto our ſelues that is due only vnto thee? or thinck our ſelues to bee any thing, that haue our being but in thee? wilful were ſuch a blindeneſſe, and wofull were ſuch a ſight, as taking night for the day, would ſeeke paradiſe in hell: LORD keepe vs from ſuch a folly, cleere vs from ſuch a blindeneſſe, & ſaue vs from falling into ſuch an errour: be thou the light of our loue, the ſence of our vnderſtanding, the wiſedome of our knowledge, the meditation of our hearts, and the ioy of our Soules: but ſweet LORD, I reede

that when ELIZABETH met with hir coſen MARY the bleſſed Virgin thy bleſſed mother, the babe ſprāg in hir wombe, which after he came into the world, did preach of thy kingdome aboue the world: and now mee thincks, I feele thy holy Spirit making entraunce into my Soule, there riſe vp thoughts in my heart to honour thee in the higheſt Heauens; but the thought is yet yong, & cannot proſper without thy bleſſing, it is conceiued in my Soule by the bleſſing of thy grace, LORD preſerue it with thy mercy, that I may bring ir foorth to thy glorie: though when it is at the beſt, as it is frō me it is vnworthy to looſe the leaſt latchet of thy ſhoe, yet as it is from thee a guift of thy Goodneſſe, at the Feete of thy mercie, let it ſpeake of thy glorie: thy grace hath begot it, let thy good ſpirit breed it, & thy holy

hande ſo preſerue it, ẏ being fed in this infancy with the ſweet milk of thy mercy, it mai gather ſuch force, in the faith of thy holy word, ẏ delighting in thy law, & liuing but in thy Loue, it may loath the whole world to be ẏ left in thy kingdom: oh ſweet Lord let my hart reioyce to heere of thee, my ſences to ſerue thee, & my ſoule to praiſe thee, bee thou ẏ childe of my loue, the Lord of my life, & the life of my ſoul, let my ſoule euer conceiue thee & neuer part frō thee: ẏ hauing thee for my comfort, I may feare no croſſe, nor care for any calamity, be ẏ ſwet Ieſu my father, & my child, my huſband, & my brother, my loue my life, my Lord & my god; in whom my ſpirit may reioyce when I but thinck of thy bleſſing: that beeing wholy rauiſhed with the vertue of thy loue, in harmony of thy gra-ces, I may Glorify thy holly name.

Amen.

A praier vpon the talke of Christ with the woman of Samaria. Ihon. 4. The fruict therof: the comfort of mercy.

PEereles loue, and pureſt life of thy beloued, pardon I beeſeech thee the preſũption of thy poore wounded creature, wounded with ſinne, and cureles of hir ſore, but oncly in the merite of thy MERCY, in the oile of thy grace, & wounds of thy loue: oh ſweet IESV, thou didſt vouchſafe at Iacobs well of the woman of Samaria, to aſke a little water; thou talkedſt with hir, & reueledſt thy ſelfe vnto hir, who vnworthy of thy comfort could not conceiue the greatnes of thy kindenes: but alas Lord, heere is another woman that commeth with another thirſt, & to drinck of another fountaine: which foun-

taine onely art thou alone, thou art the well of life, of which who drinketh ſhall neuer dye: long hath my ſoule thirſted after thee, yea in a barraine and drie land where no water is: oh that I mighr, ſo drinck of thy vertue, that beeing dronck with thy loue, I might bee ſo moiſtened with thy grace, that I might neuer thurſt more after ſinne: oh ſweet Ieſu how ſweet is thy ſweetnes, no hart can Imagine nor tung can expreſſe; a fountaine neuer dri, of the abũdance of whoſe ſtreams all the bleſſed come to drincke, all that drinck are in loue, and all that loue doe liue for euer: ſuch a ſpring neuer drying, ſuch a loue euer liueing, & ſuch a life euer ioying, wher is it but in thee: & where art thou but it is: oh foũtaine of all bleſſednes, oh bleſſing of all happines, oh felicity of all ioyfulnes, quench the fire of my thirſt with one droppe

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of thy grace, let fall the dew of thy blessing vpon the drie hart of my soule; that being refreshed with thy loue, I maie deuote my life to thy seruice: for, sweet LORD, though the woman of Samaria would not offer thee drinck, beecause the Samaritans would not meddle with the iewes, yet sweet Lord I am sure thou wilt not denie me thy mercy, becausse I am a sinner: for thou hast mercy in store for all them that come vnto thee, Iacob their father gaue ẏ well as it seemed, to an vncourteous people, that would not giue thee a cuppe of their water: but God thy father hath giuen thee to all people a fountaine of life to all that in true faith thirst to drinck of thy loue: & how incomparable is thy kindnes, that with the blood of thy hart didst seale the bond of thy loue: doest thou denie any one comfort, that calleſt

all

all vnto thy mercy: or doest thou suffer any to perish that put their trust in thy word? doest thou not offer thy selfe freely? & shall I not beg thee with teares? yes sweet Lord I humbly thanck thee, I feele the sweetnes of thy loue, though I can not beeholde thy presence, I tast of thy goodnes though I see not thy perso, & drinck of thy vertue though I know not thine essence; for had not the medicine of thy mercy cured my soul of hir sorow, I had died in my sinne, ere I had tasted of thy grace, but sweet LORD, the woman of Samaria had many husbands, & my soule desireth but thy loue, be thou I say the husband, of my loue, the loue of my life, and life of my soule, the fountaine of my faithes comfort, the water of my hopes life, & the sweet of my eternall felicitie: let me thirst only for thy grace, drinck

onely of thy mercie, & liue onely to thy Glorie: that from the puddles of the worlde, deliuered by thy mercy, in the ioies of paradise, I may sing Halaluiah to thy holly Maiestie: Amen.

A prayer vpon the woman of Canaan, hir suite vnto Christ: Math: xv. verse 22. The fruict thereof: The blessing of faith.

ETernall, Almighty, euerliuing, and euerloueing God, my deereſt maſter, ſweeteſt Lord, & onely Sauiour IESVS CHRIST, the comfort of the ſorrowfull, the hope of the faithful, and the life of the ioyfull, the Surgion of the heart, the Phiſition of the minde, & the medicine of the ſoule, the power of vertue the wiſdome of grace, & the glory of mercy, who liuing in the

Heauens

heauens beholdest all the dwellers vpon ẏ earth, hearest ẏ cries of the afflicted, asswagest the pains of the tormẽted, & comfortest ẏ harts of the distressed, that in true faith of thy woord, fly to the mercy of thy will; emong those miserable sinners, that haue no hope of relefe, but in the heauenly eye of thy mercy, vouchsafe sweet Christ, to cast one looke of pitty vppon the wounded heart of my vnworthy soule; whẽ the woman of Syrophenissa came to thee, for the cure of hir daughter, possessed with a diuel, though at the first, thou gauest hir a kinde of denying answere, in that it was not meete to giue the Childrens meate vnto dogges, yet to hir humble replie, that the dogs might eate of the crummes that fall from their masters table, to the glory of thy mercy thou madest a gratious Conclusion; wherein the humi-

humility of hir faith, had effected hir ioy in thy fauour: hir daughter was made whole, and shee departed away: but now oh Lord was she onely blessed in this abundant measure of thy mercy? or can sin haue such power in the world, as to bar thy seruants thy blessing? or shal any dispaire of thy comfort, when thou callest all vnto mercy? no, sweet Lord, I know thou art not partial in thy loue, that lookest onely into thy selfe, thou art not sparing of thy blessing, that art bou̅tifull to the whole world, nor wouldest the death of a sinner, & therfore wilt surely haue mecry on thy seruantes: to thee therefore sweet Iesu I humbly come, not for my diseased daughter, but thy distressed daughter, vnworthy of so good a father, yet praying thee, good father help me, & thi vnworthy seruant, beseeching thee sweet master

maister comfort mee, and thy vnworthy creature, crying vnto thee oh God of all mercy haue mercy vpon mee, in the multitude of thy compassions do away all my offences, in the oyle of the grace heale my soule of hir sinne, & in the power of thy mercy deliuer me from euill, I know not with how many diuells I am daily & hourely tempted, by a world of illusions, to bee drawen from thy loue, but, were ther neuer so many, thou canst deliuer me from them all; for, thy power is inuincible, thy mercy is Almightie, and thy loue hath no limits; sinne is but an infection, the diuells are but ministers of thy wrath, & thou wilt haue mercy on thy seruants; heale therefore my disease, commaund away my tormentors, and bee glorious in thy goodnesse: where thy good spirit entereth, no euill spirit will bide, where thy

thy grace toucheth, no sinne tarrieth, and whom thou inspirest with thy loue, they are allready in heauen: but alas sweet IESVS mee thincks I heere thee accuse mee of so dogged a nature, that I am not worthy to feede of the fruict of thy fauour, Lord I cõfesse it that while dogs waite one their masters trenchers, I haue not attended on the table of thy merry; & therfore am vnworthy of the least crum of thy comforte: yet sweet Lord, since thy mercy is ouer all thy workes, put mee not out of the booke of thy remembraunce: thou hast called mee though I come late, giue mee a penny of thy charity though I deseure nothing of thy mercy: I am sick, & thou canst heale mee, bee thou gratious though I be sinfull, the diuell is a tirant, but thou art ỹ god of mercy, who with one looke of thine eie canst make him

flye from thy presence, with one woord of thy mouth canst banish hi[m] from thy beloued, & with one blessing of thy hand canst make me liue euer: but, oh sweet LORD since I haue by mine absence from attending on thy table, deserued not onely to bee famished, with lack of thy comfort, & not to receiue the least crum of thy mercy, yet in the least looke of thy loue since thy glorie is in thy mercy, loose no part of thy right: let me come behinde thee emong the throng, of sinners, to touch the hem of thy garment, that by the vertue of my faith, I maie finde grace in thy fauour, & bein[g] cured of my sinne, & comforted by thy mercy by the grace of thy holly spirite, I may Glorifiy thy holly name: & not with the Siroph nisiã, depart away with thy blessing, but with y ioy of thy mercy, folow thy shadow with my seruice,

uice, till being wholely deliuered, from the temptation of sin, in the saluation of thy mercy, with the elected of thy loue, by the good spirit of thy grace, I may euer sing to thy glory. *Amen*

A prayer vpon the widdowes two Mites: xii. of Marke 41 verse. The fruict thereof: the praise of Charity.

NOthing is more comfortable to my soule then the Meditation of thy mercy, sweet Iesu, thou alone art hee whom my soule loueth, and iust cause, for by thy onely loue, my soule liueth: when I beholde thee in my hart, I haue enough for my comfort, & wanting thy grace, I comsume away with calamitie: oh vnspeakable sorrow, to misse the ioy of thy mercy, and how great is their heauen, that haue a feeling of thy loue, oh sweet

Lord, how greatly wilt thou commend a little loue in thy ſeruant? but how infinitly art thou to bee glorified, that giueſt thy ſelfe vnto ſinners: oh incōparable kinde loue to lay downe the life of thy beeloued: thou didſt commend the poore widdow, for caſting two mites into the treaſury, & thou haſt giuen vs thy ſelfe to bring vs into thy treaſury: bee thou therefore commended aboue all commendation: ſhee gaue but a little, though all ſhee had; ỽ gaueſt thy ſelfe, without whom all things are nothing; let hir then bee commended of thee, who ſaweſt hir hart, & for thy bounty to the whol world, be thou glorified aboue the world: ſhee was called a poore widdow, beecauſe ſhee wanted both the wealth of the world and the comfort of hir kind huſband, but how much might ſhee bee comforted,

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to be cõmended by thy mercy? all comforts faile wher thou art wanting, and all ioies abound wher thy comfott is comming: O comfort of comforts, when wilt thou come vnto mee? LORD, thou art the husband of my soule, the onely comfort of my hart, & whole substance of my felicity: a poore widow am I, that wanting the comfort of thy loue, haue no ioy in my life: I haue not a mite to present vnto thy mercy: had I a whole world, I would giue it for thy grace: but, alas, I am poore, and hast thou any nede of welth? that hast the whole world at commaundement: doest thou care for drosse, that art the LORD of heuen & earth? no, LORD, thou wantest nothing, & therefore what though I haue nothing? thou hast giuen mee thy selfe, and can any thing take thee from mee? no sweet LORD, thou hast saide thou

wilt haue mercy, & not Sacrifice: a burnt offering I know thou wouldest not accept, if I should giue it thee: but, if any Sacrifice will please thee, a contrite hart, and a troubled spirit is that which thou wilt not despise: with this sacrifice therefore sweet Iesu I come to thee, beseeching thee, into the treasury of thy mercy, with the teares of my hart, to receiue me body & soule, which though lesse worth then one mite is all that I haue to giue thee: and well is mee, if thou wilt take them, to cure them of sin, to ease them of sorrow, & to bring them to ioie: but alas, I giue thee but thine owne, which thou hast bought with thy self e, & therefore I beeseech thee refuse not thine owne, that belongeth to none but thy self e, & therefore since I haue nothing to giue thee, take thine owne vnto thee, commend whom

it pleaseth thee, and be thou commended of all: of all I say, for all & aboue all, since that for all in all, thou deseruest all commendation; to thee sweet Iesus Christ the husband of my soule, the substance of my wealth, the ioy of my life, and assured hope of my saluation, that by the bitter death of thy body, & precious bloud of thy hart, hast deerely bought the loue of thy seruants, who by thy onely merit being redeemed from hell, by the sauing faith of thy mercy, are assured of heauen, to thee I saie, deere CHRIST, my deere loue, my best husband, my heauenly father my gratious LORD & onely glorious King, with thy heauenly father & thy holy spirit, he eternal trinity in vnity, one onely almighrie and incomprehensible good god, for the infinit comforts of thy infinit mercies, bee all infinit glory, honor, &

praise world without end. Amen.

A prayer vpon the request that the mother of Iames & Iohn, made vnto Christ: Math: Chap: 20. The fruict thereof: Knowledge what to aske of God.

BLessed LORD, and Lord of all blessing, bountiful GOD, and GOD of all bounty, King of heauen and earth, to whom all the worlde are but beggers; emong the infinit number of thy incessaunt sutors, ỳ neuer leaue to importunate thy mercy, vouchsafe sweet IESV I beseech thee, to heere an humble petition of thy poore wretched and vnworthy creature: The Mother of Iames, and Iohn, made a suite vnto thee for hir two sonnes, that the one might sit at thy right hand, and the other at thy left: little was

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hir discretiō to moue so presumptuous a petition, little I say shee considered thy greatnesse, or lookt into hir owne smalnesse, that, deseruing nothing but thy Wrath, woulde craue such a blessing of thy Grace: who beeing anuswered with deniall, escaped wel without thy further displeasure: oh my GOD, I come not to thee with a spirit of such boldnesse; but in the humility of fayth, with the teares of sorrow, my wounded hart, beecommeth a sutor to thy mercy; an humble sutor I am oh heauenly King to thy holy Maiesty, not for my two sonnes, but the two parts of my selfe, my soule, & my body, ẏ it will pleasé thy gratious goodnesse, so farre to take them to thy mercy, as not to set them either at thy right hand, or thy left, but in one looke of thy comfort, to make thē but cushins for thy feet: where

more ioyfull ſhall bee my teares, to waſh, the feete of thy fauoure, then all the pleſures of the world, to bee away from thy mercy: this, oh LORD, is all my ſute, which in thy gratious pitty I beeſeech thee to graunt me, that from this vale of miſery, thou wilt take mee to thy mercy, that in the ioye of thy loue, I may euer ſing of thy glory: *Amen.*

A prayer vpon the deuotion of Anna, Luke 2. Chap. The fruict thereof: The comfort of prayer.

RIghteous LORD, holy KING, and euerliuing GOD, who haſt not to doe with the ſtoole of iniquitie, but, with thy Countenaunce doeſt beehold the iuſt, forgiueſt the ſinnes of the Repentaunt, and takeſt the faithfull vnto mercy. Enter not, I beeſeech thee into

into iudgement with thy sinfull and vnworthy seruant; for, no flesh is righteous in thy sight: & I most vnrighteous, am ashamed to appeere beefore thy presence, with hope of comfort, or almost without despaire of mercy, but ỳ in the greatnesse of thy goodnesse, seeing thee offer thy selfe vnto mee with all thy Graces, with a blushing feare, I fall at the feete of thy mercy, beeseeching thee, so to blesse mee with thy grace, that my wickednes may not destroy, that which thy goodnesse hath builded: Oh deere Lord, thy seruaunt Anna, putting of the world and putting on thee, shaking of all vanities, and clothing hir self with thy comfort, leauing the world, beetooke hir selfe to thy Temple, where continuing manye yeeres in fasting and praier, shee receiued at last the ioyefull fruict of hir hope, in the

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gratious beeholding of thy Glorious comming: but, oh Lord, wo is me, that haue ſo long looked after the world, that I haue ſo little looked after thee, that I haue rather loſt my ſelfe in a wilderneſſe, then once ſet a ſteppe into thy Temple: I haue feaſted my fleſh with the pleaſures of the world, & almoſt famiſhed my ſoule with the lack of thy holy word, & haue beene rather loſt many yeeres in vanity, then employed almoſt any houre in deuout prayer, as one rather fearing thy wrath, then wiſhing thy preſence: but, ſweet Lord, thou art the God of Eternity, who hauing all time at thy commaundement, doſt appoynt euery houre at thy plesure, to call thy ſeruants, vnto mercy, and to comfort them in thy bleſſing; to thee therefore my deere Lord, though long firſt, yet at laſt, & I hope neuer to late,

on the knees of my heart with the tears of my loue I come vnto thy mercy, beseeching thee most humbly, in the spirit of thy grace, so to instruct mee to pray, and continue mee in praier vnto the presence of thy pitty, that putting of the delights of the vanitie of this world, I may put on the ioy of the vertue of thy loue, beetaking my selfe to the Temple of thy Truth, and only long in my soule to beehold the blessing of thy cõming: come I say, sweet Iesu, come downe into my heart, heale my wounded soule, quiet my troubled spirit, deliuer mee from this sinfull prison, lighten my darckned eies, take me out of this deadly sorrow into the ioy of thy eternall mercy, where feeding on the fruict of my faith in the fauour of thy grace, at the feet of thy presence, I may see the paradise of my soule: & in a new song

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of thanckes giuing, I may glorify thy holy name: *Amen.*

A prayer vpon the queene of Sheba hir comming to Solomon: The fruict thereof: The treasure of true wisedome which is onely in the word of GOD.

O Infinitte and eternall God, the ground of all vertue, and giuer of all goodnesse, the fountayn of vnsearchable deepe wisedome of the incomprehensyble Deity; looke, I humblye beeseech thee vpon the simple soule of thy silly creature: The Queene of Sheba came to thy seruaunt Solomon, to heere the wōder of his wit, which compared to thy wisedome, is as nothing, and shall not I come to thee for the knowledge of my cōfort? yes my deere Lord, let thy mer-

mercy be my tutor, thy wisdome, my lesson, thy comfort, my lyfe: Teach me euer how to pray, what to hope for in my prayer, and how to bee thanckfull for thy blessings: teach me wisdome to know thee, knowledge to serue thee, & Grace so to loue thee, that I may neuer liue to leaue thee: bee thou the cō-templatiō of my study, the letters of my reading, & the woord of my continuall remembrance; the note of my Comfort the white of my loue, and the light of my lyfe: Inspire my hart with thy holy spirit, leade mee in the way of thy truth, and blesse mee with the ioy of thy peace: that leauing this desart, where fooles loose their wittes, emong the followers of thy will, I may heere the wonders of th, wisdome: where the faith of the simple, finde the summe of their felycity: that beeing pardoned my

faults,

faults, & healed of my folly, in the seruice of my faith I mai glorify thy holy Maiestie: but oh Lord shee brought gifts of great value, which she presented vnto thy seruaunt, & I haue nothing to giue thee but my selfe, vnworthy present for thy presence: but sweet Lord, I beeseech thee refuse not thy seruant, though vnworthy thy fauour, and instruct me in thy law, though vnworthy thy loue, that hauing thy lesson in my heart, I may teach thy wil vnto the world: graunt this oh deere God, for thy deere beloued Sonne IESVS CHRIST his onely sake, to whome with thee, and the holy Ghost, three persons, but one GOD, bee all Honour, and Glory, humbly ascribed of mee, and all thy poore vnworthy seruants, in all things, for all things, and aboue all things, world without ende: Amen.

A praier vpon the words of Peter vnto Christ in the time of his transfiguration. Luke ix. verse 33. The fruict therof: the ioy of the faithfull.

How amiable are thy dwellings my deer Lord Iesu, how pleasant are thy gracees? & how comfortable are thy mercies? more sweet are they to my hart, then hony vnto my mouth, yea sweeter then hony and the hony combe: when thy holy Apostle Peter beehold thee transfigured, beeing rauished in soule with the sweet of thy countenance, then could he say, heere is good beeing LORD: so my sweet sauiour, when in my soule I behold but one beame of thy bright loue, I can say to my self, it is good being with thee LORD:

for better is it, not to be at all, then to be without the comfort of thy blessing: blesse mee therfore sweet IESV, I beeseech thee with the feeling of thy goodnes, the comfort of thy mercy, & the ioy of thi loue: and let mee saie, to my selfe, whiles I am in this body of sinne, in this wretched world, heere is ill being LORD, wher I am so much without thee, and, onely their is good beeing where I might neuer bee from thee, that being rauished with the sweetnes of thy brightnes, I might make my poore soule, a tabernacle for thy dwelling, that beeing clensed from my sinne, by the onely merite of thy mercy, & sweeted in my soule, by the oile of thy grace, in the fruicts, of thancks giueing, I may Glorifye thy holly name: Amen.

A praier vpon Mary Magdalens weeping at the Sepulcher: Iohn xvi: The fruict thereof: the vertue of constancy, in the loue of the faithfull.

KNock saiest thou sweet Iesus, & it shall bee opened vnto vs, seeke & we shall finde, aske & wee shall haue: oh my deer God long haue I sought thee, with the zealous loue of my hart, knocking at the gates of thy grace, with the sighes of vnfained sorrow, & begging with bitter tears, but one drop of thy mercy: but my deere God sinne did so blind mee, that I went still out of the way, that doth lead mee to thy will, sin did so oppresse me, I could not come at thy grace; yea, sinne did so dismaie mee, that I was afraide of thy mercy: but

now sweet Lord being cleered of my blindnes, by the light of thy holy word, and seeing the gates of thy grace open to the passage of the Repentaunt emong the hopes of the faithfull, I beg an almes of thy mecry: I reed oh Lord of Mary Magdalens great grace, who being a great sinner yet by a great repentance, receiued a great measure of thy mercy: in sorrow she sought thee, in humility she loued thee, & in loue shee found thee: yea, aliue shee loued thee, dead, shee mourned for thee, buried she sought thee: and risen she found thee: sweetly was shee blessed, that hauing once beegon to seeke thee could neuer leaue till she found thee, & hauing once found thee, did so deerely loue thee that in the depth of hir loue, shee had no ioie to liue from thee: sweet Iesu, so giue me grace to seeke thee, that in thy grace, I

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may finde thee, by thy grace I may loue thee, &, in thy gratious loue, I may liue to beehold thee: open mine eares, that I may heare thee call: and open mine eies, that I may see thy goodnesse: open my hart, that I may with teares attend thee, and open thy handes, to take mee wholy vnto thee: mortify my flesh, that my soule may liue, shut me not from the gates of thy grace, but keep mee vnder the shadow of thy wings: lead mee through the darknes of sinne, into the day light of thy loue; the first day in the weeke and earely in the morning let mee seeke thee, let the prime of my youth and the whole time of my pilgrimage, bee onely emploied to the finding out of thy fauour: let mee feare nothing while thou art my hope, nor bee satisfied with any thing till I be filled with thy loue: let mee weepe at thy graue, that I

now sweet Lord being cleered of my blindnes, by the light of thy holy word, and seeing the gates of thy grace open to the passage of the Repentaunt emong the hopes of the faithfull, I beg an almes of thy mecry: I reed oh Lord of Mary Magdalens great grace, who being a great sinner yet by a great repentance, receiued a great measure of thy mercy: in sorrow she sought thee, in humility she loued thee, & in loue shee found thee: yea, aliue shee loued thee, dead, shee mourned for thee, buried she sought thee: and risen she found thee: sweetly was shee blessed, that hauing once beegon to seeke thee could neuer leaue till she found thee, & hauing once found thee, did so deerely loue thee that in the depth of hir loue, shee had no ioie to liue from thee: sweet Iesu, so giue me grace to seeke thee, that in thy grace, I

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may finde thee, by thy grace I may loue thee, &, in thy gratious loue, I may liue to beehold thee: open mine eares, that I may heare thee call: and open mine eies, that I may see thy goodnesse: open my hart, that I may with teares attend thee, and open thy handes, to take mee wholy vnto thee: mortify my flesh, that my soule may liue, shut me not from the gates of thy grace, but keep mee vnder the shadow of thy wings: lead mee through the darknes of sinne, into the day light of thy loue; the first day in the weeke and earely in the morning let mee seeke thee, let the prime of my youth and the whole time of my pilgrimage, bee onely emploied to the finding out of thy fauour: let mee feare nothing while thou art my hope, nor bee satisfied with any thing till I be filled with thy loue: let mee weepe at thy graue, that I

may ioy in thy grace; & so mourne for thy absence, that I may reioice in thy presence: let mee not depart with thy disciples, but abide with thine angells, till, in the pitie of my sorrow, thou wilt shew me thy self: when, hearing from thee, but Mary, I may answere, but master, wherin my soule rauished with thy loue may deuote the seruice of my life: but, oh Lord, how should I most wofull, wretched, & wicked creature, liueing in this vale of sorrow & misery, come to the comfortable hope to clime the hil of thi mercy? a polluted vessell of the earth, to behold the pure and bright Glory of the heauens: but oh Lord, doe I aske thee how? & haue thy holy word so cleere a lanthorne to my loue; forgiue my sweet Christ, my forgetfulnes of thy care, and giue me grace to remember the rules of my comfort: wherein I finde after

stormes

ſtorms faire weather is ſweeteſt, after troubles, peace is moſt comfortable, & after death, life is moſt ioy full; ſweet Ieſu therefore that haſt mortified mee with the ſtormes of this world, comfort mee with the Sunne ſhine of thy Grace, after the troubleſome temptations, of euill ſpirits, giue mee peace in thy holy ſpirit, and after the death of this my carnall Abſence, giue my ſoule life in the beeholding of thy preſence: giue mee patience to ſeeke thee in thy paſſion, that I may reioyce to ſee thy Reſurrection: and that in the Merit of thy mercy, receiuing the Comfort of my ſaluation, I may with the tears of my hart witneſſe the loue of my ſoule, not deſiring to liue, but to Glorify thy holy name:

Amen.

A prayer vpon Magnificate, not applying the history: The fruict therof: The ioy of the soule that is rauished with the loue of CHRIST.

ESscence of eternity, in ẏ holy Maiesty of the Trinall vnity, in the heauenly DEITY, light of the Heauens, day of the world, beawty of vertue, & Glory of wisdome, sweet IESV, the true and only begotten and beeloued sonne, of the true, and only incomprehensible, euerliuing, and euerlouing GOD: my Creator in thy power, my Redeemer in thy merite, my Sanctifier in thy loue, and my Sauiour in thy mercy; how shall I, clodde of claye, slime of the earth, dust and Ashes, wretched worme, & wicked creature, presume to the happinesse, to haue a thought of such holinesse,

holineſſe, as to aſpire, ſo high a bleſſing, as to touch the ſmalleſt tittle, of the due title of thy glory: yet, ſweet IESV, ſeeing that ỳ dead Earth in hir Fruictes dooth praiſe thee, ſhall my ſoule liue, and in no ſeruice honor thee? and ſince the liuing doe adore thee, ſhall I dye, and not praiſe thee? God forbid: but, alas, ſhall darckneſſe ſpeake of light, Error of truth, baſeneſſe of Glory, or a ſinner, of God? when the Earth quakes, the Sea Roares, the Heauens ſhake, and the Aungells tremble at thy preſence, and yet I ſee the Elements giue theyr natures: The Sunne his heate, the water hir cooleneſſe, the Aire hir moiſture, and the Earth hir drineſſe; The trees theyr fruicts, the flowers their ſweets, the Sea hir fiſhes, the Earth hir gemmes, the Ayre hir comfort, the Fyre hir light, & the world hir welth in the

ſeruice of hir Creatures in obedience to thy holy will, to Glorify thy holy name; and ſhall I of all the world moſt bound to thee in the whole world, that haue taſted ſo much of thy goodneſſe, ſo much forget thy Greatneſſe, as, in no work of thy Grace, to humble my ſoule to thy Glory? God forbid: no, my ſweet God, I humbly beeſeech thee giue mee the patience of thy ſaincts, the faith of thy Martiers, the ioy of thine Angells, and the wiſedome of thy holy Spirit, that I may ſuffer all things for thy loue, I may die in thy ſeruice, and ſo ſing of thy goodneſſe, that in ringing out thy praiſes, the heuens may reioyce to heere thy glory in the world: oh my ſweet CHRIST, help mee to honour thee: Inſpire my heart with thy Loue, tell mee what to thincke of thee, teach mee what I ſhall ſay of thee, learne mee

how

how I ſhall praie vnto thee; that in my Soule, I may neuer ceaſe to prayſe thee: O glory in the higheſt heauens, higheſt glory of the heauens, onely glory beefore the heauens, bee thou glorified aboue the heuens: oh that my hrat could diſſolue into teares, to waſh the feete of thy fauour, or that my ſoule in ſighes, could aſcend a Sacrifice to thy mercy, that in Soule and body, I might ſhew ſome ſeruice of my loue, which am worſe then nothing, till I bee ſomething in thee: but thou haſt made mee, as it hath pleaſed thee, and canſt make mee what it pleaſeth thee, let it therefore pleaſe thee, I beeſeech thee, to make mee onely to pleaſe thee: I am a creature of thy will, worke mee onely to thy will: draw mee to thee, by thy holy ſpirit, hold mee to thee, by thy holy Loue, and inſpire mee with thy holy

holy wisedome, that loathing the worlde with the vanities thereof, in thy onely mercy, I may see the paradise of my soule: that hauing with patience passed my purgatory in this life, & in the merit of thy mercy, receiuing the comfort of my Saluation, where the Angells of thy loue, doe sing in Glory of thy grace, my poore humble Soule may sing Amen to their Musique.

Gloria in excelcis Deo.

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